

WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,"
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

VOL. IV.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1806.

No. 35.]

A SHORT ORIGINAL NOVEL.

Continued from our last.

I HAD now obeyed the dictates of humanity, in finding a "friend for the friendless." Without waiting for any thing but a slight dinner, I borrowed Mrs. Townshend's chaise, and before sunset had the happiness of embracing my old friend. I found him in much better health than my fears had led me to expect. His disorder (a severe pleurisy) had yielded to judicious treatment and a good constitution; and he was fast recovering. His son, whose residence at Philadelphia had been somewhat shortened by a dissolution of partnership in the house where he was engaged, was now at home. This youth I had not seen for three or four years; and he now appeared to me exactly what his father was, when my intimacy with him commenced. An engaging and manly countenance, an elegant form, easy manners, and a winning address, rendered Everard Drey, what our *novel writing* ladies would call a *dangerous man*. He was melancholy however: some hidden grief, which neither the confidence of friendship, nor the anxious inquiries of parental tenderness could elicit, saddened his countenance, and preyed upon his health.

Four days I continued with my friend. At the end of this period, he was able to

walk his chamber; and my impatience to see my poor girl at Boston, led me again to that town. Everard was at leisure, and requested leave to accompany me. We reached the city about eleven in the morning. At a coffee-house Everard found some friends with whom he wished a few minutes conversation, and promised to join me at Mrs. Townsends within an hour. That worthy woman saw me from a window, as I approached her house, and met me at the door. She was in tears! "Thou hast come," she cried, "to hear a sad tale indeed! thy poor girl is sick—sick unto death!" Seeing me speechless with surprise, she proceeded: "On the afternoon of the day when thou left us, she complained of a violent head-ach. I prepared tea at an early hour—she swallowed a single cup full, and begged to go immediately to bed. With much difficulty I prevailed upon her to leave her babe with my woman; and having led her to her chamber, and assisted her to undress, I sent for a physician. He came early in the evening. After spending an hour above stairs, we came below; and he then with much earnestness, asked me, "Has not this lady a young infant?" I saw the necessity of his inquiry, and instantly stated the truth. He asked to see the babe; and examining it with attention a few moments, said, "From Philadelphia, last week! Exposure to cold and fatigue so soon after her confinement, leaves her but faint hopes of life." He bled her before his departure, and I set up with her

the greater part of the night. The next morning she was much worse; and before night, a raging delirium, which seized her, put a period to our hopes of her recovery. She talks much of thee—and thy return may perhaps assist to calm her mind, and prevent her leaving the world in a state of distraction. When her senses were first disordered, she insisted on having her infant returned to her; but as we feared the babe might be injured by this, we gave her to understand that thou hadst it under thy protection. This seemed perfectly to satisfy her.—"He will not let it die!" she said, with a kind of triumphant emphasis, "Will he?—he saved me, you know, will he abandon my little one?—he protected me you know—how kind he spoke!—he is an old man too! he let my poor babe die? No, no, no!"

As Mrs. Townshend concluded, the physician entered the door, and we all went up stairs together. The poor sufferer instantly knew me, and stretching out her arms toward me, wildly cried, "Bless you! bless you! you will not let my poor child die, will you?" "No," I replied, "it shall be mine while I have life to protect it." "See now!" she said, "I told them so!—But may I not see it?" The physician, a humane and skillful man, whispered Mrs. Townsend, and she immediately brought the babe into the chamber: I took it in my arms and held it towards the bed. The frantic mother snatched it from me with

eager wildness, and pressing it fondly to her bosom, softly whispered "Your mother is dying—dost tell them—they are very kind to us—Should your father own you—but hush! hush! he lives somewhere here: he will say that we followed him persecuted him, disgraced him—O no, no! not for the world!"—

Here she stopped overcome by her increasing weakness, and the cruel agitation of her mind. We took the babe from her, and she shortly fell into a kind of lathargic slumber, which continued until late in the afternoon

To be concluded in our next.

SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

MADAME RECAMIER.

A letter from Paris, dated Feb. 25, says, "The amiable and accomplished Madame Recamier, is now preparing to quit her superb mansion in Ru de Mont Blanc, for an humble dwelling in the Marais, where she intends to establish a Pensionat for young ladies. No female of this capital, retired from the circle of fashion, with so much native dignity, and supported the reverse of fortune, with more becoming fortitude. She carries with her not only the admiration of her friends, but the esteem of those who once envied or hated her as a rival. The same as formerly, when in affluence, she has, during the last winter, received regular invitations to our numerous balls, routs, and assemblies:—the Empress, and the Princess Bonaparte have, by their Chamberlains, informed her that her presence in the drawing-room, would always be agreeable; but she has renounced entirely all society, and in solitude, applied herself for her new situation in life. Even the brilliant offer of princess Louis Bonaparte, to be governess of her children, has been declined in a modest letter: in which she says—"that though her education and capacity might be sufficient for the instruction of children of citizens, they were not calculated for the education of children of princes."—She adds, "that the unavoidable dissipation of courts, would besides, prevent her from fulfilling her first duty, that of a wife." It is now

discovered, that the house of Recamier never possessed any great wealth, though its credit, during ten years, has been one of the most extensive."

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

On a Translation of the New Testament, from the original Greek, by Nathaniel Scarlet.

[FROM A LONDON REVIEW.]

Many emendations in this translation, consist not so much of whole passages, as of single words; yet they are of importance to those who desire to understand the scripture. A small alteration we notice, which makes a material change in the meaning, Rom. vii. 1.

Common Translation. The law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth.

Scarlet's Translation. The law hath dominion over a man as long as it liveth.

The argument introduced by the metaphor of the marriage bond, verse 1—7 confirms the propriety of a translator's inserting the supplement *it*, and not *he*. Again, Matt. xxvi. 45—47,

Common Translation. Sleep on now and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the son of man is betrayed into the hand of sinners. Rise, let us be going: behold he is at hand that doth betray me.

Scarlet's Translation. Do ye sleep, still, and take your rest? Behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of wicked men. Rise, let us be going: lo! the traitor is at hand.

By the common translation, our Lord desires his disciples to sleep on and take their rest: yet at the same time, desires them to rise and be going: whereas he was now returning the third time, and finding them asleep, in a tone of astonishment, (which also was a gentle rebuke) saith, "Do ye sleep, still, and take your rest? Rise, let us be going: lo! the traitor is at hand. And while he was speaking, lo, Judas came, and with him a great multitude with swords and clubs."

Much is due to the translators of our common translation; but as nearly two

hundred years have elapsed, some words in that translation are now become obsolete; and the fund of biblical knowledge, being now greatly increased, it is reasonable that Christians should avail themselves of every help, to enable them to understand the will of God. In this point of view, we consider the present work to be praise-worthy, and hope every exertion in so laudable an undertaking, will meet with due encouragement.

From the Orange County Republican; ENQUIRY.

Where lives that coy one, all pursue
With fond desire—yet known to few,
If ever known below—
Does HAPPINESS with riot dwell,
Where echoing peals of laughter swell?
Ah! no.

Where *Pleasure* chaunts her siren song
While from her soft delusive tongue,
The honied poisons flow—
Will happiness not stoop to hear
Her strains, tho' dangers hover near?
Ah! no.

Where *wealth*, in gaudy trapping flaunts,
Who feels no care for misery's wants,
Nor sympathetic glow—
With pride and pomp, emblazon'd round,
Will happiness not there be found?
Ah! no.

Where *power* assumes the regal rod,
And vassals trembling at a nod,
With reverence lie low—
Is it not happiness to seem
A thing so great—a worm supreme?
Ah! no.

The smooth, the broad, the beaten way,
The new form'd ethie's now display,
Where men, unpinion'd go—
Will happiness not surely be
With those from each restraint set free?
Ah! no.

But in that breast which never sighs
For aught a bounteous God denies;
Content, in weal, or woe—
While pious strains of love arise,
There happiness no longer cries
Ah! no.

CHRISTINA.

[We insert, with pleasure, the following remarks on a habit, by much, too prevalent. General satire is at all times, ungenerous; and there can never be any less true, than that which is directed against one half of creation. *Emerald.*]

ON THE FREQUENT SATIRE UPON WOMEN.

FROM the libertine and the rake, proceeds that insolent contempt with which, in public assemblies, and public prints, the females of the present day, are insulted. From the errors of perverted minds, these incorrigible profligates give licence to their tongues, and presume to speak and write in most disrespectful terms of a sex, for whose protection and support, the God of nature intended *Man*. From them proceeds that style of remark, that so often wounds the ear of feeling innocence, or raises the well-deserved smile of contemptuous disregard.

WOMAN is the tender flower of society, whose very weakness is the best claim to protection. Prevented, however, from a defence of her sex by an inestimable and indispensable delicacy, by a restraint which custom and general opinion imposes, and which propriety would lead her to observe in its fullest extent, she is subjected to the detraction of confident calumniators, rioting in the unrestrained licentiousness of their thoughts, and turning into ridicule and scorn, the weakness which cannot resist insult.

A general satire on the sex proves nothing but individual cowardice.—It shows that the writer is malicious enough to do mischief, but wants the spirit to make an attack, where there is a chance of resistance.

It is not the protection of her person, in moments of corporal danger, that comprehends the extent of that tenderness which is due to the sex; it is not the Don Quixotte sallies of heated imagination, which proves the regard they are so often acknowledged to deserve, or pays the debt which nature has imposed on man. We well know that the breath of slander shakes a woman's reputation, on which, is her whole dependance for esteem, and her sole claim for respect; yet with unequalled illiberality, the whole sex is publically and undeservedly censured by those, who, to say the best of them, are mere votaries of vice. Often when ladies are present, by particular invitation,

to grace an assembly with their presence, the literary exercises of the day are fraught with double entendres and ill-contrived attempts at wit, the subject of which is the female part of the community. This is adding insult to injury, and is more unmanly, because it must be borne unresisted.

A youth, intimate with the dregs of humanity, just coming from scenes of immorality and vice, enters an assembly of virtuous females, surveys them with that licentious eye which the depravity of his heart enkindles, and, forming his judgment of them from his own character, decides, that like himself, they would sacrifice honour to the gross pleasure of sense.

Should MODESTY, by that awe which it can always inspire, check the wanton gaze of its intemperate observer, and by virtue's brightest ray for a moment enlighten the dark shades of corruption, the eye is closed to its power, its purity, is denied, it is charged as the effect of HYPOCRISY. Thus virtue and vice are equally implicated, and women are divided into two classes, the *immoral* and the *deceitful*.

Do these *manly* and *spirited* gentlemen recollect, while they indiscriminately implicate the sex, that their mothers are women, that their sisters are women, and that their wives, which are, or will be, are women? and is there, on these accounts no gratitude, no respect, no affection, or are these *old-fashioned emotions*? Can these fine sensations, by nature implanted in our breasts, be so choked by dissipation, as neither to be felt nor understood? With what face would our modern Zoilus, the contemptuous railer of God's choicest work, go to a woman of sentiment and feeling, one whom a man of sense would wish should be the wife of his bosom, and the mother of his children, the companion of his life, and the protector of his interest and honor, ask her forever to depend on his esteem, and his affection for her happiness and peace, lead her to the altar, and before God and man promise her continued love and affection? The guardian angel of worth, would never permit such falsehood and impudence to complete the destruction of beauty and innocence. Should some giddy trifler be caught by the tinsel of flattery which she was too inexperienced to despise, and too senseless to understand,

as long as marriage was a novelty, she might be pleased with variety, but when love rests only on the unstable basis of passion, it is of ephemeral growth, and will not stand the shocks and accidents of time.

ADELPHOS.

[The following is from the writings of the "OLD WOMAN." She certainly declaims with a good deal of severity; her ladyship will find few of her sex willing to join with her in opinion upon the subject; and those who may, will, probably, "not think it right to have it thus set down."]

Why knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said that Delia's fair 'tis true,
But did I say she equalled you?
Can't I another's face commend?
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead frowns,
As if her merit equal'd yours?
From female envy never free,
Must all be blind because you see?

MOORE.

THOUGH it certainly does little credit to the sex, it must be allowed that it is impossible to praise one who is absent, without offending the present; and it is rare indeed, that a woman will advocate the cause of an individual female, however ready she may be to contend for the honor and interest of the whole class to which she belongs. A man will often do justice to talents and merits in another, which he is sensible he does not possess himself; but a woman will feel and resent it as a personal reflection, to hear of praises in which she does not participate, or of compliments not directed to herself. Even among sisters, the principles of envy and jealousy, are early sown; and it appears impossible to eradicate them. Some superior minds, indeed, are exempted from those mean despicable passions; but the exceptions are so few, as only to confirm the truth of the general observation.

It is not, however, to envy or rivalry, that I wish to confine my remarks. The envious person, by a wise dispensation of Providence, is generally the only sufferer; but it is far otherwise, when jealousy is allowed to enter the heart, and to shade the mind. In that case, the lover, or the husband, is rendered wretched, and often contemptible, without probably having it in his power to avert his fate, and sometimes without affording a shadow of an excuse for the misfortunes to which

he is doomed. Were the jealous only to suffer, justice would have nothing to complain of; but when, on slight grounds, either sex disturbs the peace of the other, by this malignant and jaundiced passion, they become criminal in the sight of Heaven, and the objects of deserved aversion to their fellow-creatures.

I will not deny that jealousy may exist in men as well as women; but it is less frequent, I believe, and its consequences are generally less fatal. It is, therefore, to guard the young and inexperienced of my own sex, that I produce some instances of the baneful effects of female jealousy. Alas! they are not the fictions of imagination, but a very few out of numbers, that my own recollection might readily produce.

Hortensius, a man of cultivated taste, became acquainted with Tempesta. He was some years younger than her; and, in fact, was a novice in the art of love. She had the cunning to make herself appear amiable in his eyes, by concealing the deformities of her temper, and making the best use of those charms and allurements, which nature had given her. Though her heart had become callous to the arrows of Cupid, from a repetition of disappointments, she made him believe that he was the only person who had ever engaged her affections. She had affected to be miserable when she did not see him at the moment he had engaged to visit her; and though he once ran the risk of being drowned from an occasional flood, in order that he might be punctual to his appointment, he found her in tears and ready to upbraid him for the lateness of his appearance. This trait of her character ought to have convinced him, that she would be a jealous and a suspicious wife; but, poor man! he ignorantly, and innocently set it down for love; and, to make short, married her—and never saw another happy day. His business, by which he was to support both her and himself, required that he should be often out of her sight. She complained that she was left alone; and those moments which ought to have been sacred to domestic endearments, were spent, on her part, in ungrateful and undutiful repinings. He was laboring for a maintenance, and deserved to have his home made comfortable, and his hours of relaxation happy; but the reverse was his fate; yet he ceased not to struggle for independence; and though he felt the misery of his sit

uation, he had the resolution to pursue the path which his duty indicated.

Hitherto she had not troubled him with her jealousies: but when, by rendering him miserable, she had rendered him reserved, and saw that it was natural for him to be cheerful when he met with a congenial mind, she began to watch every motion, and every look, and to pester him with her suspicions. She abused every female to whom he paid the slightest attention; and some affected friends, though real enemies, encouraging her unhappy propensity to be jealous, she soon found sufficient pretexts to make herself appear aggrieved, and her husband not only wretched, but ridiculous. He repelled her base insinuations, with the consciousness of rectitude: but when she had worked him up to a passion, her jealousy made her interpret it as a sense of his guilt, and his reputation suffered in proportion, as he studied to preserve it untarnished. The history of Tempesta's jealousy, and the unaccountable incidents on which it is fixed for evidences of its justice, would extend in detail to two volumes. Suffice it to say, that Hortensius, finding it impossible, by any correctness of conduct, to escape censure, gradually became alienated from his wife, and sought that consolation abroad, which he would be happy to have found at home. At first he was miserable; in the end he became criminal; and who, under similar circumstances, can say he would have had the resolution to have acted better? His credit was lost before he had been guilty of a single error; and at length he became indifferent to that opinion which had stigmatized him when innocent. Yet to the last, he had no taste for vicious indulgences; and had not Tempesta been naturally jealous, he would never have given her real occasion to be so. She died of a broken heart: her husband did not long survive her; and, perhaps, owed his end to the same cause, for he never knew the sweets of peace.

(The conclusion in our next.)

DIOGENES

Ordered himself to be thrown any where, without burying.—“What,” said his friends, “to the birds and beasts!”—“By no means,” cried he; “place my staff near me, that I may drive them away.”—“How can you do that,” they replied, “since you will not perceive them?”

—“How am I concerned then,” added he, “in being torn by these animals, if I feel nothing of it?”

DEFINITION OF GRATITUDE.

At the institution for the deaf and dumb, in the street of the observatory, No. 115, a question was put to a pupil of the Abbe Sicard, which would have puzzled any person to have resolved in five words, though he had had the perfect use of his ears and his tongue, and answered with great quickness by one that had neither.—“What is gratitude?”—The memory of the heart.”

“True....no meaning puzzles more than wit.”

LORD MANSFIELD.

Lord Mansfield examining a man who was a witness in the Court of King's Bench, asked him what he knew of the defendant.—“O, my lord, I knew him—I was up to him.”—“Up to him!” says his lordship.—“What do you mean, by being up to him?”—“Mean, my lord! why I was down upon him.”—“Up to him—and down upon him!” says his lordship, turning to Counsellor Duane.—“What does the fellow mean?”—“Why, I mean, my lord, as deep as he thought himself, I staggered him.”—“I cannot conceive, friend,” says his lordship, “what you can mean by this sort of language, I do not understand it.”—“Not understand it!” rejoined the fellow, with surprise.—“Lord, what a flat you must be!”

Irish blunder.

Not long ago we heard the following speech of an Irishman, to a justice of peace:—“Please your worship, he sent me to the devil, and I came straight to your honour.”

An eccentric Verdict.

The coroner's jury having sat a few weeks ago, on the body of a young lady who had killed herself in a fit of love frenzy, brought in their verdict: died by the visitation of Cupid.

A gentleman complimenting a celebrated French actress, on the manner in which she had just played Zara. “To act that part,” said she, “a person should be young and handsome.”—“Ah, Madam!” replied the complimenter, *naïvement*, “you are a complete proof of the contrary.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

SIR,

IT was not my intention again to trouble you, or to trespass on the time and patience of your readers; but who could withstand Lucetta's spellful invocation? gladly would I meet her in "the wide, the unbounded" field of argument; there, if I cannot match her force, with light elastic spring I may elude it; but I almost fear to follow in the flowery path which she has trodden; yet inspired and guided by dear "delightful opposition," so much beloved of woman, I will approve the hazardous encounter.

"Why should," says Lucetta, "admiration alienate the affections of Belinda, or jealousy awaken Eliza's scorn?"—The first member of the above quoted sentence, I commit to Belinda's hands, it concerns not me. But how in the name of goodness, my dear Lucetta, can you suppose my scorn to be excited, and that too by jealousy? Scorn! of what? Jealousy! of whom? Surely so great a mistake must have originated through forgetfulness, for certainly I did not even suggest that I entertained passions so opposite to happiness. Read, the paper again, Lucetta, and be convinced.

Lucetta proceeds, "Admiration is founded on esteem, without which, how can love exist?" This sentence, which is composed of a simple proposition, and a query, a conjunction rather heterogeneous and somewhat unsuitable in an argument, does not seem to answer Belinda's purpose. Let me endeavour, by way of assisting her, to give it a more syllogistic, and of course, imposing form.

Admiration is founded on esteem—love cannot exist without esteem: therefore admiration is founded on love.

Here, at last, is what we want: major, minor, and conclusion. I have done what I could for Lucetta; let me see how her argument now stands. "Admiration is founded on esteem;" a goodly foundation, truly. Who but Lucetta would have hit upon such a basis on which to build up admiration. Admiration enters almost always through the eyes, and takes instantaneous possession of the mind, but is generally a short-lived tenant. Esteem is a plant of slower growth: it is nourished by kind-

ness, cultivated by attention, and flourishes only in a congenial soil. And will Lucetta still say that esteem is the elder-born, and the basis of admiration? The major proving defective, the whole syllogism, with which, for her benefit, I have taken so much pains, must fall to nought.

Lucetta goes on, in modulated cadence, to tell the story of her loves; in this she imitates Belinda. I cannot *apropos*ly requite them, for I, indeed, can boast no lover.

Your fair correspondents, and readers, will, probably, smile at my last assertion. But gentle ones, do not pity me; I have not yet attained my fifteenth year; and the best of parents have taught me to believe, that the improvement of the mind is the first necessary qualification to engage the *admiration*, the *esteem*, the *love*, of a man of worth.

My accusation against Belinda, in the 32d number of the *Visitor*, stands correct. In her reply to me, however, she discloses some new features and facts, that materially alters the state of the argument. Why, Belinda, did you not say, that Horatio was afflicted with "that green ey'd monster, that mocks the food it feeds on." The elegant, the accomplished, Horatio, is jealous without cause.—And your consciousness of not deserving such treatment at his hands, has eradicated every idea you had previously entertained in his favor.—No wonder, good sooth; perhaps you could not smile, or converse with any other of the male species, without giving him offence. Indeed, should that be the case, I do not wonder that the share of affection you might have indulged for him, should be "sunk into mere pity."—I hope, sincerely, that your next lover may prove more prudent, and more deserving of your best regard.

ELIZA.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

AT the close of the American war, as a noble lord, of high naval character, was returning home to his family, after various escapes from danger, he was detained a day at Holyhead, by contrary winds. Reading in a summer-house, he heard the well-known sound of bullets whistling near him, he looked about, and found that two balls had just passed through the door

close beside him; he looked out of the window, and saw two gentlemen, who were just charging their pistols again, and, as he guessed that they had been shooting at a mark upon the door, he rushed out, and very civilly remonstrated with them, upon the imprudence of firing at the door of a house, without having previously examined whether any one was within. One of them immediately answered, in a tone, which proclaimed at once his disposition and his country—"Sir, I did not know you were within there, and I don't know who you are now; but if I've given offence, I am willing," said he, holding out the ready-charged pistols, "to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman—take your choice."

With his usual presence of mind, the noble lord seized hold of both the pistols, and said to his astonished countryman—"Do me the justice, Sir, to go into that summer-house, shut the door, and let me take two shots at you, then we shall be upon equal terms; and, I shall be quite at your service to give, or receive the satisfaction of a gentleman."

There was an air of drollery, and of superiority in his manner, which, at once, struck and pleased the Hibernian—"Upon my conscience, Sir, I believe you are a very honest fellow," said he, looking at him earnestly in the face, "and I've a great mind to shake hands with you.—Will you only just tell me who you are?"

The nobleman told his name—a name dear to every Briton, and every Irishman!

"I beg your pardon; and that's what no man ever accused me of doing before," cried the gallant Hibernian; "and, had I known who you were, I would as soon have shot my own soul, as have fired at the door.—But how could I tell who was within side?"—"That is the very thing of which I complain," said his lordship.

His candid opponent promised never more to be guilty of such a practical bull.

MONEY.

Without money, you're without every thing. However, as Gascon once observed, for the comfort of him who has none—"If I, who have only one shilling, am so unhappy, what a miserable dog must he be who has thousands."

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

ANSWER TO THE ANAGRAM, WHICH
appeared in our last.

C. V. and I. stands for one hundred and six,
Which, rightly transposed, great E. you'll affix;
Then the name of a monster is seen in a trice,
Which preys on the public, and which we call
VICE.

X. Y. Z.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1806.

A most daring burglary was committed in Randolph county, in the state of North Carolina, on Sunday the 8th inst. while Mr. Wm. Bell, of Deep river, with his wife, was attending divine service, at some distance from home, in the middle of the day his house was robbed of cash to the amount of about *fifteen hundred dollars, twelve hundred of which, were in silver and gold.* The villain shivered to pieces the desk which contained the money, with an axe. Some small negro children, and an old negro, were the only persons about the plantation. Suspicion has fallen on a disorderly character of the county, and it is supposed at least, a part of the money will be regained, and that the offender will be brought to justice.

A duel was lately fought in England, between lieut. Torrens, and Mr. Fisher, Surgeon, both of the 6th regiment, when the former received a shot, which terminated his existence in a few hours. The Coroner's inquest, brought in a verdict of *wilful murder*, against Mr. F. and his two seconds.

Longevity.—Six ladies, in good health, all sisters, lately visited a son of one, and a nephew of the rest, at Providence. Their ages amounted to 478 years. The eldest 93, the youngest 74.

The sublime scene which was presented on Monday last, by the *Total Solar Eclipse*, forcibly brought to recollection those lines of Cato—

"That there's a God above us,
All nature cries aloud through all her works."

Even the mind of mere CURIOSITY, and

LITTLNESS, felt a *sensible* impression from the awfully magnificent scene; for,

"'Twas as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end."

But to awakened and reflective minds, it was truly a "feast of reason, and a flow of soul"—it irresistibly led them to the highest order of contemplation;—to admire the "works of an Almighty hand,"—and to feel the very LITTLNESS of human ability. *Bos. Cen.*

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA!

* * Several persons who heard by accident, of the excellent personation of *romps and hoydens*, by four or five young ladies, on the Battery, between 9 and 10 o'clock, a few evenings since, having expressed a great desire to witness so charming an exhibition, are hereby informed, that it will be repeated on Monday evening next, unless unfortunately prevented by a sense of decorum. *Ev. Post.*

Our city inspector reports the death of 41 persons (of whom 15 were men, 9 women, 11 boys, and 16 girls,) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of cold 2, consumption 4, (2 men aged 29 and 36, 1 woman aged 21, and a child under 2 years) convulsions 4, decay 4, dropsy 2, drowned 3, dysentery 1, epilepsy 1, gout 1, hives 2, inflammation of the stomach 1, inflammation of the lungs 2, inflammation of the bowels 1, inflammation of the brain 2, insanity 1, old age 1, rheumatism 1, *small-pox* 3, still born 1, sudden death 1, syphilis 1, teething 1, and one of whooping-cough.

Correspondence, &c.

"*Henricus*" is too prolix, and his conclusions are not altogether satisfactory.—As we do not think our readers would agree with him in opinion, he will excuse our not publishing his lucubration.

"*Seneca*," has chosen a fit subject for animadversion; we are sorry, however, that he has not afforded us some new ideas thereon; we wish him to try again, and to use as much brevity as possible.

Ticket No. 21,233, which drew TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, was sold at the Book store of John Tiebout, No 238 Water street, to capt Laing, grocer, in Water Street. 1 t.

"Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring,
Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels."

MARRIED,

On Friday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. Josiah C. Hook, to Miss Henrietta Smalls, both of this city.

On Thursday evening the 19th inst. by the Rev Mr. Lyle, Mr. John Williams, to Miss Catharine Gibbons, both of this city.

On Friday the 20th inst. at Kingston, Ulster, Dr. Peter Van Derlyn, of that town, to Miss Nancy Bauman, daughter of the late Col. Bauman, of this city.

On the 19th inst. at Friends Meeting, Mr. Christopher Marshal Slocum, merchant of this city, to Miss Eliza F. Marshall, daughter of Mr. Christopher Marshall, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyle, Mr. Andrew Riker, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Susan Parker, both of this city.

At Friends Meeting, Philadelphia, Joseph Rakestraw, printer, and Editor of the *Evening Fire Side*, to Elizabeth Field.

At Richmond, Thomas Preston, Esq. to Miss Edmonta Randolph, second daughter of Edmund Randolph, Esq.

".....all, that live, must die;
passing through nature to eternity"

DIED,

On Monday, Mr. Peter Low, of this city, aged seventy-nine.

At Philadelphia, Lawrence Herbert, esq. At Cazenovia, the wife of Gen. Jonathan Forman.

In London, Mr. Henry Sampson Woodfall, aged 64, who for four years, conducted "The Public Advertiser," in which, the celebrated Letters of Junius were originally published.

Drowned, At Stamford's Island, (about 2 miles from Portland.) Mr. James Deacon, aged 25, late of New-York.

At Philadelphia, Dr. Wm. Cathcart, and Dr. Elijah Perkins.

At Lexington, capt. Henry Marshal, one of the early settlers of that town.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter. Ladies attended at their own houses at usual.

December 14.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT
OF
TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the
ROSE, No. 214, opposite the
City Hotel, Broadway



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball,
far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying,
and preserving the skin from chopping, with an
agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling,
that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a
small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Al-
mond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb

Smith's Carcassia or Antique Oil, for curling
glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing
it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft
Pomatus, 1s per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so
well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pim-
ples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for
whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old
age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after
shaving, with printed directions 16s. 8s. and 12s.
per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the
hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning
grey; 4s and 8s. per pot, with printed directions

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s per lb.

Do Violet, double scented, 1s 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft
Pomatus, 1s per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s Camphor, 2s 3s. do.
Do Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled
with fine Shaving Soap, 2s each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving
a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures rough-
ness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s
4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth
and comfortable, 3s and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing
the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to
be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and
8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for
the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s 4s per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball,
far superior to any other for softening, beautifying
and preserving the skin, with an agreeable per-
fume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s.
each.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell
again. May 24. 1806.

NEW BOOKS.
SAGE AND THOMPSON,
149 PEARL STREET

Have received from LONDON, by the ship
Alexander, a large addition to their former
assortment of books, which they offer for
sale on the most reasonable terms: among
which are the following:

Political and Confidential Correspondence of

Lewis the 16th by Helen Maria Williams, 3 vols

Revolutionary Putarch, 3 vols. 12mo call gilt.

Female Revolutionary Putarch, gvs 12mo. do.

Life of John Wilkes, 3 vls 12mo.

Rural Philosopher, 8vo call gilt.

Picture of London, for 1806.

Court Calendar, for 1806.

Letters of a Mamaluke, 2 vols. 12mo.

Henry's Commentaries on the Bible, 6 vls. 4to call

Doddridge's Expositor, 6 vols 8vo. call.

Cruden's Concordance, 4to call.

Zollikofer's Sermons, 2 vols 8vo.

Claude's Essays on the Composition of a sermon, 8vo

Sturm's Reflections on the works of God, 3 vols.

18mo

Romain's Walk of Faith, 12mo.

Do Life of Faith 12 mo; Walker's Sermons, 4v 8vo

Withering's Botany, 4 v 8vo

Adam's Classical Biography, 8vo

Smoller's Works, 9 v 8vo do.

Goldsmith's Works, 4 v 8vo do.

Locke's Works, 10 v 8vo call.

Do. on the understanding, 3 vol 12mo.

Spectator, 8vo. 12mo. call gilt.

Dobson's Life of Petrarch, 2 vol 8vo do.

Dictionary of Polite Literature, 2 vol. 12mo. do.

Ossian's Poems, 3 v 12mo do

Cowper's Poems, 3 v 12mo do.

Hayley's Triumph of Temper, 12mo do.

Father's Legacy, 12mo do.

Tomkin's Select Poems, 12mo do.

Pope's Works, 6 v 12mo

Pindar's Works, 4 v 12mo

Bishop's Poems, 2 v 12mo do.

Ovid's Art of Love, 12mo do Plates,

Odes of Anacreon, 12mo do

Boswell's Life of Johnson, 4 v. 8vo call

Cooper's Distiller, 12mo

Handmaid to the Art, 2v 12mo

Reide's Essay, 2 v 8vo call gilt.

Penning, on the globe, Keith do.

Johnson's, Sheridan's, Jones and Bailey's Dictio-
naries.

HISTORY &c.

British Classic's 7 vols. 8vo

Gibbon's Rome 6 vols 8vo New Edition.

Russell's Ancient and Modern Europe 6 vols. 8vo

Mavors Voyages and Travels. 24 vols

Kotzebue's Travels 4 vols 12mo

Biographical Dictionary 15 vols. 8vo

do. do. 8vo.

Studies of Nature 3 vols 8vo

French Revolution. 2 vols 8vo

Bristed's Tour through the Highlands of Scotland

2 vols. 8vo

Rollins's Belles Lettres, 2 vols. 8vo

Richardson's Correspondence 6 vols.

Robertson's History of Charles 5th 4 vols 12vo

Richardson's Pamela, 4 vols. 12vo

Do. 'Clarissa Harlow, 2 vols 8vo.

Beaures of English Prose, 12mo

Do. do. 'Poetry. 12vo

Carr's Northern Summer 12vo

Do. Stranger in France 12vo

Burn's Works, 3 vols. 12mo

Johnson's, Dictionary in miniature 12mo

together with a great assortment of NOVELS,
TALES ROMANCES, &c. many of which were
published in London the present year. Also,

Extra large thin Folio and Quarto Post Papers.
Plain, Horressed, and Gilt Edge, Lignum Vitae
and common Sand Boxes, Ivory and other Pounce
Boxes, Pounce, Best Led Pencils with and with-
out slides, Wedge wood, Pewter and Ebony Ink
stands, Walden's Japan Ink, office seals, Ink
Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Penknives, Silver
and Steel Pencil Cases, Playing Cards, India Rub-
ber, Slates and Slate pencils, Quills, Tooth Brush-
es Reeve's water coloured Paints by the Box or
single Cake, Drawing Paper, Ink and Sand Glas-
ses for Portable Desks, Metallic Pencil Memoran-
dum Books, Scales, Dividers, Mathematical In-
struments, Fools Cap and Post Papers, Bone and
Ivory Paper Folders, Letter Racks, and a variety
of other articles. May 10.



JOHN JONES,

UMBRELA AND PARASOL
MAKER,

NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general,
that he has on hand, of his own make, Silk Um-
brellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours.
Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality
to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairs neatly executed.

N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and
Walking-Sticks, for sale as above.
Nov. 23. 11.

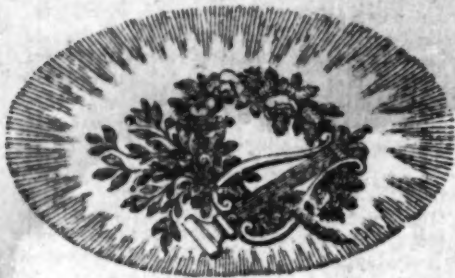
W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he
has removed from No. 71, Nassau to No. 25 Par-
tition street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the
profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such princi-
ples, that they are not merely ornamental, but
answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so
neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from
the most natural. His method, also, of CLEAN-
ING the TEETH is generally approved of, and al-
lowed to add every possible elegance to the finest
set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury
to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE,
his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but
if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his
attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the
most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is at-
tended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or
lady at their respective houses; or he may be con-
sulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had
his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an inno-
cent and valuable preparation of his own, from
chymical knowledge. It has been considerably
esteemed the last ten years; and many medical
characters both use and recommend it; as, by a
constant application of it, the teeth become beau-
tifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a
firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened
teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath
imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destruc-
tive accumulation of TARTAR, together with
CAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had
at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane



[The following we think, must make many a reader call for a fan, or cold bath, before he gets to the end of it.]

A HOT DAY.

[WRITTEN (AND PRINTED) IN A HOT NIGHT.]

What a plague's a summer's breakfast,
Eat what'er you will !
Bread and butter are greasy things,
Toast is greasier still.

'Then how to pass the time away
'Till dinner, there's the doubt :
Your'e hot if you stay in the house,
Your'e hot if you go out.

When dinner comes, Lord, help us all !
Such frying, such a stew ;
You're hot if you don't touch a bit,
You're hotter if you do.

Then after dinner what to do,
No knowing where to move :
The gentlemen are hot below,
The ladies hot above.

And now the kettle comes again ;
That's not the way to cool one,
Tea makes an empty stomach hot,
And hotter still a full one.

But then an evening's walk's the thing---
Not if you're hot before---
The man who sweats when he sits still,
Will, when he moves, sweat more.

Well, now the supper's come, and come
To make bad worse, I wot ;
For supper, while it heats the cool,
Will never cool the hot.

And bed, which cheers the cold man's heart,
Helps not the hot a pin ;
For he who sweats, when out of bed,
Sweats ten times more when in.

Farmey's Museum.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

The Repulse.

A young man, of libertine principles, sauntering through a flower garden, met a young lady who was carrying a couple of flower pots from one bed to another—'Ah, Julia, said he, 'I am sorry you are so heavily laden—now confess, would you not rather that your arms encircled me, than those pots of dirt?' 'And what are you but clay', said she, 'dirt baser than this, for it contributes to bring to perfection the works of nature ; but you labour to blast creation's fairest ornaments, in defiance of every law human and divine.' The young man, quite abashed, turned upon his heels and left her.

Democritus, condemned the passion of love, which he considered as a disease of the mind, and called it an epilepsy. Hippocritus is said to have defined it by the same term. Yet Democritus himself must have been strangely troubled by that disease, if, as is said, in order to avoid the dangerous impressions which the sight of female charms made on his imagination, and which distracted his thoughts and interrupted his philosophy, he put out his eyes.

The recollection of having been of service to a fellow creature conveys a pleasing kind of sensation, which it is difficult to describe, but which Shakespeare expressed thus :—"It comes over the heart as soft music does over the ear—"

..... "Like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets."

BON NOT GALLANT.

The Spaniards do not often pay hyperbolical compliments,—but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says, "They were in mourning for the murders they had committed."

A never failing receipt.

A young gentleman having buried three wives, a lady asked him how he happened to be so lucky? 'Madam,' replied he, 'I knew they could not live without contradiction, so I let them all have their own way.'

A man seeing a wasp creep into a phial filled with honey, that was hung on a

fruit-tree, said thus : "Why thou sottish animal, art thou mad, to go into that phial where you see many hundred of your kind dying before you?" "The reproach is just," answered the wasp, "but not from you men, who are so far from taking example by other people's follies, that you will not take warning by your own. If after falling several times into this phial and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you."

GARRULITY.

"O, he's as tedious

"As a tir'd horse, a scolding wife ;

"Worse than a smoky house : I'd rather live

"With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,

"Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,

"In any summer-house in Christendom."

"Persons who are trifling, tedious and incessant talkers, and who hurry down the stream of loquacity without ballast or rudder, convince us that their speeches originate in the mouth and not in the understanding. It is observed that the tongues of such babblers should not be permitted to float loose and free in their mouths, but should be restrained and directed by the strong and deeply fixed anchors of judgment and discretion.

It was observed of a gentleman who possessed great learning, but was extremely silent in company, that his mind was a library of the most valuable information, upon which a sprightly female wittily remarked, that if it was a library, it was not a circulating one.

Criterion of Age.

A young fellow meeting with a gentleman much older than himself, at a lady's to whom both paid their addresses, took an opportunity of sarcastically asking his rival what age he might be. "I cannot be exact," replied the other, "but I have always understood that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty.

Friendship.

False friends, says an Italian wit, are like the shade of a dial, which appears when the sky is clear, but is concealed when it is cloudy.

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